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✓
BUGLE NOTES *of*
COURAGE *and* LOVE

BY
ALTHEA A. OGDEN ✓
"



CHICAGO, 1912

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A Confession and a Claim

The spontaneous appearance of two little books of verse, by Althea A. Ogden and Evelyn H. Walker, prompts this confession and claim from the minister of All Souls Church, Chicago. Many if not most of these lines were written at his invitation or perchance compulsion; a benignant one, let us hope. Hence this prompt assumption on his part of the responsibility for the writing and publicity. This confession justifies a claim to a part of whatever credit these modest songs of faith, courage, and hope may receive. They come from hearts in league with a searching eye and an open mind, and will appeal to other hearts thus re-inforced. Others have given generously of things their hands have accumulated, but these women have given of the rarer, higher, and more essential accumulations of soul; for the Lincoln Centre, like Thebes, was reared by the power of the Poet's Lyre.

Were outside evidence needed to prove what is so apparent in the lines themselves, the undersigned would gladly testify that they have proved themselves to be veritable "Altar-side Messages" and "Bugle Notes of Courage and Love." These singers of the new day and the free faith have helped to keep the fires burning on the altar for most of the three decades that have measured the ministry of him who, on the thirtieth anniversary of the church he founded, asks for no clearer interpretation of his words or higher demonstration of his works than those found in these two books of verse for these women have told in measured lines much that the minister has tried to say in prose.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago
All Souls Day, November 3, 1912.
Thirtieth anniversary of All Souls Church.



To

My beloved sister "Emmy"

*Who would gather a flower where no one else
could see one growing*

She said, "There's nothing I can do
To help the world along,—
I am so weak,—and just know how
To make a little song."

She made the song and in it put
Her heart's full strength, and lo!
One whispered, "It has lifted me
From out a depth of woe!"

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BOOK I.

BETWEEN TIMES

Bugle Notes of Courage and Love

A GENESIS STORY

8 8 8

Millions of years of waters slow subsiding,
Millions of years of glaciers, pushing, sliding,
Ages to form the limestone and the granite,
Cycles of time to lay the soil upon it;

A ray of sunlight pierced a sheltered hollow,
Earth thrilled with joy her beauty to disclose;
All else was there, the sun's ray did its duty,
And lo! a rose!

A PRAYER

8 8 8

Infinite Nearness! Thee I see revealed
In song of bird, the flower at my door,—
The happy laughter of a little child,—
The star at night, the pebble on the shore,—
Each unto each allied, and all to thee,—
Thou tender, loving, grand reality,—
Who art so near, so near!

Mystery shrouds thee, but today I saw
Thee mirrored in a glance of mother-love,—
A bitter word unsaid brought God-born strength
Akin to that for which the martyrs strove,—
And, growing from a small, unselfish deed,
Came that rare peace for which the angels
plead,—
So near Thou art,—so near!

Infinite Nearness! Tell me not of God
Who dwells afar, apart, in other spheres,—
My Father's here,—he shares my common life,—
Inspires my duties, and allays my fears,—
And when night falls, like tired child I creep
Into His arms, who loveth all, to sleep,—
He is so near, so dear!

GOD'S QUESTIONING.

8 8 8

"Who sowed this field?"
Not, "Who shall reap its bounteous yield?"
God's questioning goes;
And many fields wait fallow, low,
The seed our flinging hands could sow,
To blossom like the rose.

FAINT-HEARTED.

8 8 8

Who leaps not when the gulf is reached,
Though fall he may where others fell,
Demeans the royal gift of life,
And sounds for faith a dying-knell;

Who fights not on though victory flies,
Nor "Forward" cries, pressed back again,
His kinship proud to God denies,
And shames his mother's labor-pain.

HERE AND NOW.

ø ø ø

The widened circle we call Death,
The rapt soul views with yearning eyes;
This life is naught and Heaven is all,
All hope, all pleasure, that way lies.

Arise! O, Soul, spend not the days
Assigned to Earth in dreams of Heaven,
Up, idle hands! On, laggard feet!
Perform the tasks by Duty given.

Live for today! Reach Pisgah's heights
On wings of common deeds well done;
Reject the false, hold fast the true,
And greet with joy each rising sun.

And Heaven will jut so close on earth
When comes the hour of failing breath,
Unconsciously thou'lt pass within
The widened circle we call Death.

RECOGNITION

ø ø ø

Science I loved, yet, doubting her, I said,
"I will seek Truth, look in her face divine,
And ask, 'Know'st thou this Science? Is she
friend of thine?"

And by her words be led."

Long sought I then in straight and open ways,
'Mong wise men, fools, for Truth's ennobling
face;

At last her form before me I espied,
Her face averted, but "Tis Truth!" all cried;
With rev'rent hand I touched the form benign,
My pulses stirring as tho' warmed by wine;
She turned, gazed sadly on me, and, forsooth,
The face of Science was the face of Truth!

REBUKED

ø ø ø

I am so tired!
There lies my bow unstrung,
Nor strength have I to string it o'er again,
To fix the arrow, or to sight the mark
I've missed so oft. Why should I longer strive?—
But trail my bow behind me in the dust,
Unstrung,—so tired, so tired am I.

Without my window in the summer air
A spider weaves his web. Would I had marked
The times he's strove to fling the slender thread
From point to point and fasten it. The wind,
That wanton, breaks the airy thing
Each time, and once a bird's swift wing
Severed the dainty bridge but just complete.

Oh, meanest creature thou!
Shall I, a prince of God's own royal line,
Be shamed by thee? My bow again I'll bend
With newer strength; more taut shall be
The string, my sight more keen, more fixed and
true
My aim;—and higher place the mark!

Then when 'tis time, I pray
The cord may snap with clear resounding twang,
Just as an arrow speeds to highest flight!

FATHERHOOD

ø ø ø

He took his first-born in his arms,
Nor knew the earth he trod,
For pressing close the tiny form
He felt akin to God.

Pride, hope, foreboding, in his heart
Met lovingly in strife,
As came the vision of the path
We call "The Way of Life."

Yet, holding close his first-born child,
Celestial roads he trod;
And, gazing in that baby face,
He *was* akin to God.

MIGNONETTE

ø ø ø

God gave to thee, O little flower,
No bright-hued robe, no stately mien,—
The careless eye from straggling weed
Scarce tells thy garb of green;

But in their stead in thy wee cup
He poured a perfume, sweet and rare,—
His incense-bearer, thou, who flings
A blessing on the air.

Heed thou, my soul, the thought of life
To which this modest flow'ret leads:
Make thy existence potent through
The fragrance of thy deeds.

REASSURANCE

8 8 8

We gently laid him down to sleep
When winter skies were gray;
And doubt crept subtly into hearts
That yesterday could pray.

We come—and whence? We go—ah, where?
To other life—who knows?
With May we're sure of violets,
And June will bring the rose.

Thus came the answer to my heart,
And faith's dimmed fires grew bright,
'Till, soaring high, the lucent flame
Touched love's eternal light.

O, God's clear word, made audible
To all who listen close:
With May we're sure of violets,
And June will bring the rose.

TO A FRIEND

8 8 8

How stalwart, strong, and glorious thou hast
grown ;

Thou who I first knew as a weakling child—
A child who bore the woes of babyhood
With that philosophy those children show
Who lack the salving kiss for each small hurt.
Thine was a rigorous school ; inclement winds
Oft pierced thy ill-clad, boyish form, and naught
Save prescient sense of thy high work in life
Appeased thy hunger-pangs and eased the wear-
ied brain ;

Freedom and Truth taught thee the Master-
words,

And Love stood Monitor, inspiring every theme.

And now thou standest facing all the world,
While love for God and man shine from thine
eyes,—

And hands outstretched from every point of earth
Grasp thine (O rare, sweet thrill!) in strength
and love,—

And voices cry in tongues of every land,
“God-speed to thee, brave youth! God-speed!
God-speed!”

THE INNER ROOM

ø ø ø

Within my heart there is a room
I visit every day,—
Sometimes to sing, sometimes to weep,—
Sometimes I go to pray.

A light "that shines on sea nor land"
Within this chamber streams
From faces of the dead I love,
And the children of my dreams.

Few know this little room exists,
And, selfish though it be,
Its riches rare are known in full
Only to God and me.

Love holds the clue that leads to it,
Yet, when the way is trod,
Ofttimes the door is locked and barred:—
Then I'm alone with God!

HE KNOWETH BEST

8 8 8

Deep grief flooded me,—
Heart, soul, man ;
I said, "I cannot live,"—
God said, "You can."

Care's hand threw me down,—
Prone in the dust ;
I said, "I cannot rise,"—
God said, "You must."

Listless, inert, I lay,—
Hope, Joy, passed by ;
God whispered "Strive for me"—
I said, "I'll try."

So I arose, and live,—
Strive with the rest ;
Joy, even, calls sometimes :—
God knew the best !

ERNEST CROSBY

ø ø ø

Ennobled by the sword of Death
He lieth there, the king of all,
Who walked with us but yesterday
And answered to our call.

And by the royal attributes
That now are his since he is dead,
His is the right of high command
Where erstwhile he had plead.

This is the message, clear and fine,
That lies behind that quiet face,—
A message filled with love and power
And fraught with kingly grace:—

“Act nobly ; let the longed-for prize
That lieth on the mountain’s crest
Be thine not by the back-cast stone
That ends a brother’s quest.”

“Do justly ; judge thy fellow man
By that old precept, ever true,
That bid’st thee seek in him the things
Thou’dst have him find in you.”

Bugle Notes of Courage and Love

“Live purely ; make the path of life
One leading to the feet of God,—
The byways reaching to it lanes
The pure in heart have trod.”

“Be loving ; speak the tender word
That makes the whole dear world a-kin ;
Fling open wide the soul’s great doors
That love may enter in.”

Ennobled by the sword of Death
He lieth there, the king of all,
And we, his subjects left behind,
Must answer to his call !

January, 1907.

RENEWAL

8 8 8

I read the texts they tell me prove
That death comes but to set man free,
But still within my soul there clings
A doubt of immortality.

I con the promise o'er and o'er
That man eternal life shall find,—
Then close the book and wander forth
With doubting heart and troubled mind.

The crocus blossoms at my feet
As down the river path I stray,
And on the greening willow branch
The catkins glisten, sleek and gray.

I do not doubt the latent power
That lies behind the budding bough,—
And am I, Catkin by the stream,
Less worthy life than thou?

O risen Lord, O bursting bud,
One purpose in ye both I see:—
Triumphantly my soul renews
Its faith in immortality!

March 28, 1907.

FATE?

ø ø ø

A poet with eyes like the stars at night
Walked where the lilies bloom tall and white ;

Men said he had genius, the words from his pen
Brought thoughts high and pure to their bosoms
again ;

And today seemed his cup of joy full to the brim,
For he knew that the woman he loved loved
him,—

Like a vision life's scroll unrolled to his gaze
As he thought of the work that should hallow his
days.

In the pathway, a little brown snake raised its
head,—
Poised, struck—but an hour and the poet was
dead.

Gone all the bright promise because he should
pass
Where a little brown snake lay hid in the grass.

O tell me, ye wise ones, who clearer can see,
What law had been broken, *or was it to be?*

JUDAS, THE BENEFACTOR

ø ø ø

I gave the kiss of death and brought undying
fame

To him receiving it ;

I led him to the garden, dank and dark,

And instantly a light seen round the world

Illum'ned Gethsemane.

They nailed him to the cross and straightway it
became

An object to be worshipped and adored ;

And I, thus aiding man in his salvation scheme,

Am spit upon, reviled at, and denounced.

FAITH

⌘ ⌘ ⌘

Encircled by thy certain love
I rest, O Father, in thy arms,—
And naught on earth, below, above
Can fright me with alarms.

Though Death walk daily at my side,
With pleasant face or visage grim,
I smile, assured thou wilt provide
The light when eyes grow dim.

Serenely, then, I wait the call,—
And ask not haste nor yet delay,—
Content, since nothing can befall
To lead thy love astray.

TO "UNCLE JOHN"

8 8 8

This is a man born to the fields,—
To mountain, valley, hill and plain,—
To haying in the summer sun,
To plowing in the spring-time rain;

He loved the orchard, watched the corn
Grow full and ripe, with grateful eye,—
And ever in his simple heart
There 'rose a prayer to God on high;

No laggard he—the breaking day
Awaked him with the singing birds,—
And evening found him still among
The patient sheep and lowing herds.

And see how God, the "evener,"
Adds leaven to our heavy lives,
And lifts our hearts though we may be
Housebound, and suffering in pain's
gyves:

What fruit so mellow, ripe and fine
As this that grew on Friendship's tree,—
What grain so perfect as that grown
On this fair field of Memory,—
Where sings the bird on bush or tree
Like this love song we send to thee.

June, 1908.

CONSOLATION

8 8 8

The young may die, but to the old
Death must come as the years attain,
And Mother Nature, nurse erstwhile,
Wraps close her child and with a smile
Claims her beloved again.

Then grieve not for the silvered head,
The eyes, that ever beamed with love,
Rejoice that he has gained the boon
That comes to all, or late or soon,
And grasped the treasure-trove.

Rejoice, that with his earth-work done,
Somewhere, some place, in God's own ken,
His tired hands resting from life's toil,
His heart freed from earth's fret and moil,
He lives, with God, again.

FULFILLMENT

8 8 8

Who planted it I do not know,
Nor when, but hidden there
It must have laid through winter's cold,
Down in the darkness of the mold,
With God alone to care;
But on that morning in the spring,
The earth still winter-bound,
When first I saw the radiant flower,
Its perfume spilling like a shower,
My heart new courage found.

A thought grew in a prophet's heart,—
Whence came it none may know,—
It flourished in the dark and cold,
Through agony and grief untold,—
God only saw it grow;
This thought-flower blossomed at its
time,
And when its leaves uncurled
Its beauty vanquished doubt and pain,
Its fragrance flooded hearts of men
And vitalized a world.

THE MASTER-WORD

8 8 8

“Little Brother of the World,”
Sang a Pagan long ago,—
Hearing first the wondrous tale
Of the child of birth so low,
Who had conquered multitudes
Without sword and without lance,
By the power of his words,
By the radiance of his glance;

“With the lance and with the sword
Many, many have I slain,
Fighting on the battle field
Till the blood ran down like rain;
‘Little Brother of the World,’
I am tired of lance and sword,—
I would conquer like to thee,
Give to me thy Master-Word!”

We, too, Lord, are tired of war,—
Tired of battling, anger-stirred,—
“Little Brother of the World,”
Give to us thy Master-Word!
With thy Christ-Mass here at hand
Close the temple doors for aye
That of old oped only when
Man his brother man would slay;

Bugle Notes of Courage and Love

Send the message to all men,
'Round the earth, a treasure-trove,
"Little Brother of the World,"
Teach us all to win through LOVE!

ARBUTUS

ø ø ø

Could I once more see the arbutus growing,
Stir the dead leaves at the foot of the tree,—
Catch the first whiff of the incense that's
blowing
Straight from the tiny pink blossoms to me!

To kneel in the mold and the leaves on a
morning
When I feel the last touch of the frost in the
air,—
Scent and not sight being first to give warning
That arbutus blossoms are hiding just there;

Then with my hands full of fragrance and
beauty,
Back to the busy town, back to the mart,
Ready again for life's struggle and duty,—
Ready to take the whole world to my heart.

March, 1910.

THE ROAD TO GOD

8 8 8

It matters not which road I take,
How dark or lone it be,—
I know, O God, 'twill somewhere join
The road that leads to thee.

I make mistakes, wrong turns I take,—
The right way do not see,—
Though long and hard I make my road
'Twill join the road to thee.

Calm is my soul, my trusting heart
From doubt and fear is free—
For soon or late all roads will join
The road that leads to thee.

MOTHERLOVE

ø ø ø

God in his infinite goodness
Laid a babe in my arms,—
To love, to cherish and foster,
To shelter from earthly alarms;

God in his infinite wisdom
Took back the child for his own,—
Giving it comfort and safety,
Leaving to me but a moan.

They say it is best it should be so,—
Perhaps,—but I marvel much
If all the comfort of heaven
Equals that in a mother's touch!

And I doubt if all of the glories
Of that land of heavenly bliss
Can thrill the child with the rapture
It felt in its mother's kiss!

CONQUERED

ø ø ø

Lift up thy gates, O my heart,—
Let the proud victor come in,—
Who fought the brave battle for love,
Who won when none other could win.

Strong were the ramparts I raised,—
Many fell back in dismay,—
He, with the sandals of Hope,
Scaled them,—the first in the fray;

Singly he stood on the heights,
Stormed the port-cullis of Pride,
Leaped the broad moat of Disdain,
Triumphantly stood at my side!

Then lift up thy gates, O my heart,—
Let the dear victor come in,—
Twine the bay wreath for his brow
Who won when none other could win.

THE TITANIC

· 8 8 8

Men built a ship, a wondrous, wondrous ship,
Equipped with latest thought of skill and
 strength,

And cunning artisans connived to bring
Their offerings to this Ruler of the Sea;
They filled it, then, with men and women rare,
The glory of the race,—and riches, too, ga-
 lore,—

Then set it on the waves and cried “She rules
 the sea!”

But Nature, sitting on her icy throne,
Alone, in darkness, grimly smiled and said,
“O, foolish, impotent man, did you then dare
To reckon without Me? To come discour-
 teously,

In haste and insolence to force my gateways?”
Reaching she grasped the wondrous, boastful
 ship

And like an egg-shell crushed it, flinging down
 the bits

To lie forever in her fathomless depths.

April, 1912.



Book II.

OCCASIONS



THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

8 8 8

Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him *to do!*
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beatitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood.

December, 1903.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

8 8 8

To thee we give this house, O God,—
A heart-sent gift, untrammeled, free,—
O make thy dwelling-place herein
That strength may come to us thro' thee.

Here may thy presence ever shine,—
Here let thy blessing ever fall,—
From tired bird to fainting soul
Make here a sheltering home for all.

To thee we consecrate ourselves,—
Thy willing helpers e'er to be,—
Till peace and love shall fill these halls
And bring all souls at last to thee.

June 1, 1905.

IN MEMORIAM

ø ø ø

Dr. George Francis Shears,
1856-1909

This was a man born to the healer's task,
Not only of men's bodies but their souls;
Womanly gentle, strong as tempered steel,—
A child could lead him, but the steady hand
That held the saving knife was firm as adamant;
Broad was his mind,—broad as the restless
sea,—
And just beyond all fear.

And he is dead!

Dimmed is the learned eye,—the skillful hand
Responds no more to guidance of that brain
That overflowed with wisdom, science, law;
Hushed is the genial wit,—the cheery voice
That brought forgetfulness of pain
To many a brother man is heard no more;
And poor humanity, missing his matchless
skill,

Weeps comfortless its lamentable loss.
O skillful surgeon, O most loyal friend,
When shall we, struggling earthlings, find thy
like again!

September, 1909.

A VOICE

8 8 8

In a lowly cot in the dear Welsh land,
Just fifty years ago,
It first rang out, and a mother's heart
Sang a praise-song soft and low;

It grew in strength and 'twas heard again
Across the ocean broad,
Where a thoughtful boy held the shining
plow
That turned the virgin sod;

On the battle field, grown bold and strong,
'Twas heard 'mid the cannon's roar,
And to dying men brought hope and cheer
When the wild, fierce day was o'er;

It grew in depth and it grew in power
Since behind it a great soul lay,
And it rang in the words that turned men's
hearts
To the higher and better way.

Wherever a good cause fainting sinks,
Where e'er there's a wrong to right,
It bursts on the ear, men cannot but hear,
Like a clarion in its might.

And we who know it in high, true words,
And in tenderer tones and low,
Thank God for this voice that first rang out
Just fifty years ago.

November 14, 1893.

BIRTHDAY WISHES

ø ø ø

The year-glass turned! a few gray hairs,
A richer mind, a broader field—
Praise God for these fruit-laden days
That give the world such bounteous
yield.

November 14, 1894.

Had I the wonderful magic power
The genii used to possess,
I'd give you for all the years to come
Love, Health and Happiness.

November 14, 1899.

THANKFULNESS

8 8 8

Long years ago I sent to thee a message,—
Straight from a thankful heart, where grati-
tude held sway,—
Now, on this day, with the years' maturer
judgment,
Voice I again that prayer:—"Thank God he
passed this way!"

Grey are the locks that were then so brown and
bonny,—
Yet burns in thy dauntless heart unquench-
able and bright,
Clearer, more pure, that flame that lights thee
onward,—
On to the battle-field for Justice, Truth and
Right!

Love softens still those eyes so truth-demand-
ing,—
Firm is the hand that still guides us in the
fray,—
Friend, let me clasp it while again my prayer
ascendeth,
Gratefully and fervently:—"Thank God he
passed this way!"

November 14, 1903.

A WELCOME

ø ø ø

A royal, loving welcome, friends,
To mountain, valley, plain;
Thrice welcome to this Feast of Thought,
Where Law and Reason reign!

Religion stands to greet you here,
Endowed with rarer grace,
Since Science lends a glowing torch
To light her dwelling place!

Love, Truth and Freedom beckoning wait
Your presence at their board;
Who dines with them eats Bread of Life
They only can afford.

And when with strengthened heart and soul
Each takes his way again,
"Trice welcome" still shall echo back
From mountain, valley, plain!

Tower Hill.

EASTER MORN

ø ø ø

April's here and Easter morn
All the Earth is newly born;
West wind blowing, soft and free,
'Tidings brings to you and me:—
Crocus peeping through the sod
Claims a kinship close with God;
Lilies bursting through the mold
Tell the tale that's ever told
Of the joy succeeding gloom
When Spring leaps from Nature's womb,—
And the robin, with his call,
Chants a glad antiphonal:
April's here and Easter morn,—
All the Earth is newly born.

April, 1908.

AN EASTER THOUGHT

ø ø ø

Fair Spring tripped lightly o'er the sod
With new commission straight from God
To resurrect the Earth;
"Arise, arise," she cried full loud,
"Cast off your swathing winter shroud
And banish cold and dearth;
Put forth your leaves, O barren trees,—
Sing out, O birds, your melodies,
And praise your Maker's worth."

O, heart of man, shall you alone
This resurrection time disown
And sit here dumb and cold?
Lift up your voice in grateful praise
To him who blesses all your days
And sends you joys untold;
Let all your pulses beat in tune
With Nature's great mysterious rune
That bids all life unfold.
O man and earth, both roused from sleep,
Together God's true Easter keep.

April, 1909.

RESURRECTION

8 8 8

Not from a tomb-environment my Christ
arises,—

No need to roll a heavy stone away
To give him egress from the grave's dark portal

Upon this joyous, blessed Easter Day;

No angel, stern-faced, watches at the entrance,
No grave-like vestments on the ground I see,
And all of us are Marys, Johns and Peters
Who wait the resurrection soon to be.

The earth is thrilling through and through with
rapture,

As hands, not finite, push the clods away
To free the prisoners of old Winter's rigor
And lift them to the blessed light of day.

All Nature listens to the prescient murmur
Of rootlets pushing upward through the sod,
And waits with radiant eyes and hands out-
stretching
To greet these resurrection days of God.

Bugle Notes of Courage and Love

O soul of mine, put off thy greed and meanness,
Thy selfishness forever cast away,
And in new vestments stand erect to welcome
Thy re-born self this happy Easter day.

Easter, March, 1910.

AN APRIL EASTER

8 8 8

Dear Lady April, debonair,
Comes dancing o'er the land,—
An Easter flower, divinely fair,
She carries in her hand;

She comes to bring a song of hope,—
To set bound prisoners free,—
To prove the sureness of God's gift
Of immortality.

The flowers spring up along her path,
The birds their chorus bring
To welcome back this April maid,—
The van-guard of the Spring.

O, April Easter! Clear God's voice
Sounds through thy sun and rain!
O, Soul of Man! Thou too shalt know
Life's deathless thrill again!

Easter, 1911.

FLOWER BIRTH

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The Earth was then but newly born,
And lacking much in grace;
Her skin was wrinkled, tears and frowns
Chased o'er her baby face;

Time sped; she grew a winsome maid,
And lovely garments donned;
Dear Mother Nature on this child
Of whom she was so fond

Poured all the wealth she'd stored for years
Within her bank, the Sun,—
With willing hands toiled day and night
To leave no thing undone;

Then looked about for one last gift
That all the rest should crown,—
“Oh, happy thought! I'll make a Flower,
And pin it to her gown.”

And flowers she still wears on her breast
Somewhere the whole year round;—
And in June days she comes always
To us with roses crowned.

Flower Sunday.

THE MESSAGE OF JESUS

8 8 8

Written for All Souls Sunday School

Long ago, far, far away,
Came a little child to Earth,
Humble was his father's home,
Low and mean his place of birth;
But this babe of birth so lowly
Brought a message high and holy
To all men the world around:
"Peace on earth; Love for all;
God within;" this was his call.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
"Lift his burden lest he fall;"
"Do to others as you would
They should do to you in all;"
This the message high and holy,
Brought to men both great and lowly,
Brought to men the whole world 'round:
"Peace on Earth; Love for all;
God within;" this was his call.

Never message rang so true,
Heard still down the listening years,
Lifting men to noble deeds,
Often moving them to tears.

Take the message, high and holy,
Learn its words, O great and lowly,
Send it all the world around:
"Peace on Earth; Love for all;
God within." This is his call.

Christmas, 1908.

FATHER IN HEAVEN

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Written for All Souls Sunday School

Father in Heaven, hear thou our simple prayer,
Filled are our youthful hearts with love for
thee,—
Show us thy righteous way; O, teach us how
to pray,
That we may live alway close, close to thee.

Father in heaven, here are our willing hands,—
Fit them for thy commands, Father, we
pray;
Make thou our ready feet for thy dear errands
meet,
And let thy service sweet hallow each day.

Father in Heaven, make our young hearts to be
Filled with thy harmony, perfect, divine,—
Till we may make thy face, glowing with heav-
enly grace,
In every time and place, through ours to
shine.

MY ROSARY

8 8 8

Like hooded monk I count my beads
All through the day, with reverent lips,—
But mine are strung on life's fine thread,
From which no loose one ever slips.

Each day at morn the new day's tasks
With joyful heart I greet, and pray
That some good thought or deed may lend
An added blessing to the day.

Haply at night my grateful heart
Counts the new beads the day has brought,—
Each in its place on life's fine thread,—
A rosary of love and thought.

FEAR NOT TO LEND THY LAMP

8 8 8

Fear not to lend thy lamp
Thy brother's lamp to light,
Resting assured thine will not fail
However dark the night.

For flame but feedeth flame,
Nor quenches in the act,
Making thy brother's light secure,
Yet leaving thine intact.

So may a noble deed
Inspire a nobler one,
'Till love and kindness, world around,
Shall greet each rising sun.

A HYMN OF PEACE

8 8 8

Written for All Souls Sunday School

With steadfast hearts we're marching on
Peace on the earth to gain,
Our snow-white banners sweep the sky,
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on
We battle not in vain,
For, pure in heart, our strength is great,
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on
Love o'er the World shall reign,
And Justice sit upon her throne,
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on
Take up the glad refrain,
Till all the earth, with one accord
Shall follow in our train.

A MARCHING SONG

8 8 8

Written for All Souls Sunday School

We march, we march to victory,
Our banners flying o'er us,
And our hearts are light, for the Right makes
 Might,
And the road lies straight before us,—
The road lies straight before us.

We come in our youth, our van-guard is Truth,
With her banners flying o'er us,
We come with a cheer for we have not a fear,
And the road lies straight before us,
The road lies straight before us.

Chorus: We march, we march, etc.

We'll strive with the foe, be he high or low,
And we'll make this dear world better,
The earth shall be free on land and on sea,
We'll strike from the slave ev'ry fetter,
We'll strike from the slave every fetter.

Chorus: We march, we march, etc.

Bugle Notes of Courage and Love

For we fight for Truth, in the strength of our
youth,

And Justice walks beside us,
Love holdeth the light that brightens the night,
And her torch shall ever guide us,
And her torch shall ever guide us.

Chorus: We march, we march, etc.

A BENEDICTION

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Father, let thy blessing
Touch us and remain,
Guiding all our actions
Till we meet again.

Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature,—
All belong to thee.

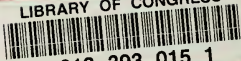
Unto all thy children,
Here and ev'ry-where,
Father, give the comfort
Of thy loving care.



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